

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1908.—Copyright, 1908, by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

## THEIR PRECIOUS ANTIQUES

## A FURNITURE AUCTION THAT NEVER TOOK PLACE.

Dreams of New Fittings in the New House, Especially Mission in the Dining Room and Bedchamber in the Parlor—Heirlooms and Disposition.

"Let's have everything new," he said, when it came to moving out of the old home. "I've always thought I'd like the sensation of living in an entirely new house with entirely new belongings. Of course," she answered, "I'd gladly give them up if I thought we could get enough for them to buy new."

They were about to emigrate from the old house in Chelsea to the recently purchased Flatbush home, and there was the natural hankering after possessions that should suit the new house. Yet there were family traditions that placed a high value on the furniture. The black walnut dining room set with the grapes and the two quails carved on the sideboard, not to mention its thick marble slab, the rickety chairs with the same bunch of grapes and the two quails in miniature, but still large enough to rest on the back of the occupant's neck—a family tradition placed its value very high.

The flaring rosewood chairs with the eagles and the oval center table—also adorned with a marble slab—were accounted even more valuable in the reckoning of the family treasures.

"They ought to bring high prices at an auction," she observed. "You see that parlor set's antique. Aunt Mary used to say she bought it in the finest furniture store in New York. It was down in Grand street. She gave it to mother as a wedding present. Then that dining room set ought to bring a lot. That must be rare now."

Luckily it is, but no such knowledge of present day taste disturbed the convictions of the family.

"If we could only sell it all," she said, "I'd buy mission for the dining room and get everything brocade, with no wood showing, for the parlor. Wouldn't that be lovely in that house?"

Under the inspiration of the mission and brocade ideas, thoughts of the sale developed in all directions. If the furniture brought as much as it ought to bring she would have enough money to buy some new pieces for the bedrooms.

The priced brocade for the parlor and mission for the dining room in half the furniture stores in town. As the discussion of what their possessions might bring grew more definite the amount grew steadily larger.

"I don't know," she finally said, "but what we might furnish the whole house with what we get from the auction sale. We might even get new china and carpets. We must have a new table carpet."

He came up town early one Saturday afternoon that they might go to an auctioneer to make arrangements for the sale, but they never got that far.

She took him first to see the best mission dining room set she had found anywhere for the money, and it was so far to the store with the best brocade parlor set to suit her tastes that it was not till before he had duty inspected them.

"We'll go next week," she reassuringly observed. "It isn't as if we weren't sure about the matter. The money's as good as in our pockets and it's only a question of just how much we can have to spend. I've picked out all the other things too, so it won't take us any time, once we've got the money."

She had been to call on some of the auctioneers, and her somewhat flattering description of the treasures she was about to put on the market drew the most encouraging assurances from the gentlemen she talked with.

"People are back from the country now and ready to buy. Bring along your stuff as soon as possible and you won't regret it," they told her.

Then the demand for fine antique furniture was described by the other auctioneers as so great that she began to hesitate as to which she would trust with those precious articles that daily became more valuable in her sight. She was distressed to hold the auctioneers at a distance, they all seemed so anxious to dispose of her consignments.

"You come up next Saturday," she urged as she went out of the dilemma, "and we'll see which is the best place to look after our things. You know we can't trust them first to any ordinary auctioneer. There's too valuable to be auctioned off anywhere. Perhaps we ought to put 'em in an art gallery, what? Well, we'll go to an auction Saturday anyhow."

She already knew the auction rooms well and selected the sale that seemed to her most like her own idea of the atmosphere she was seeking. For the distribution of the public to her effect, she had an advertisement reading "Furniture belonging to a gentleman about to sail for Europe and recently taken from his residence Fifth Avenue and consisting of elegant solid mahogany furniture for parlor, library and bedrooms, superb antique Adam bedroom set, rare old colonial pieces, fine china, silver and articles of vertu. No such recherche offering of high class articles has been made in years."

This seemed about the sort of thing she wanted for her auction; so it was decided that he was to come uptown to lunch on Saturday. Then they were to go together to the auction. Whether or not their sale should be handed over to the particular establishment was to depend altogether on the way he acquitted himself in disposing of the stock on hand.

"Remember now," she whispered, as they picked their way through the crowd of chair chairs until they found a place in the front of the room; "remember not to say a word until we have seen how he gets through with these things. We don't want to commit ourselves too soon."

It did not seem to her that the auctioneer resembled her particularly, although she had talked with him several times. He made a bad impression on her otherwise. He seemed flippant and lacking the seriousness necessary to deal with such valuable things as hers.

"I don't think much of him," whispered her husband after a few minutes. "He's too funny."

Just then the two men whose business it was to put the articles in view of the spectators placed on the low platform a chair. She clutched his arm.

"Just like our dining room set! The very identical thing!" she cried.

Then she sat back proudly in her chair to see what wealth awaited her. The auctioneer glanced at the catalogue and then at the exhibit.

"Number 67," he went on. "Set of eight mahogany chairs, hand carved with grapes and fruit."

them, just think, and all in good repair. No more good spots on the others than there are on this. Go see for yourself. Three and a half."

"Thank you. You got a bargain that time. Eight chairs like that for twenty-eight dollars? Let me see, what have we got here now?"

She had not loosened her grip on his arm. The room had already begun to swirl about her. To think that chairs so like her own treasures that they could not be sold apart should have been sold for a sum she thought each separate chair the auctioneer. "Then a rosewood center table, it was awful. And the one brocade chair cost as much as this lot had brought."

"No, 68. Sideboard with same set," he roared from the platform. "Now what is the first bid on that? Let me see, have something high to begin with. It's a fine piece."

Then in the ring a long time and a little disengaged, but still good for years to come. Let me have a good bid."

"Is it ten dollars? Four then? Three, why it's a shame to treat an old timer like this sideboard with so little respect."

The sideboard finally sold for \$11 and was removed from the scene with the accompaniment of a facetious remark from the auctioneer. Then a rosewood center table, "marble top alone worth what it brought," sold for \$3.50.

"What can he expect to get for such a lot of junk?" asked the woman who sat next to her. "May I see your catalogue? It's so use playing here to see people buy stuff like this."

The two men had lifted down the rosewood center table. An eagle was in view. It was like that they prized as the gem of their collection.

"Come on," she said, clutching him by the sleeve, "there's no use to wait any longer."

They walked a block after they left the auction room without a word. She saw her vision of the brocade and the mission pieces floating out of her ken. She made no reference to the prices that they had just heard, however.

"I guess it's all over after all," was what she said, to keep her own things. "Somebody hasn't got 'em for one thing. And then nobody but you is likely to care much about 'em. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," she finally said, "but what we might furnish the whole house with what we get from the auction sale. We might even get new china and carpets. We must have a new table carpet."

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## MAN WHO MADE A LANGUAGE

## HIRAM BINGHAM'S LIFE WORK IN THE GILBERT ISLANDS.

He and His Father Labored for Nearly a Century Between Them in the South Sea Islands—Each a Pioneer in His Field—Struggle to Make a Dictionary.

The recent death in Baltimore of the Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham, "John Eliot of the Gilbert Islands," ends an unlabeled period of missionary work by two men of the same name, father and son, who have covered nearly a century.

The death of the son came a few days after his arrival here to give a personal report of his work to the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was 78 years old, and he knew when he came to this country that he probably would not return. A meeting held in his memory at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn last Sunday was an unusual testimonial of the regard in which he was held.

The older Hiram Bingham, who was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1789, and was graduated from Andover Seminary in 1819, in which year he was ordained a Congregational minister, applied at once for an appointment as missionary to the Sandwich Islands. He received it and was assigned to Honolulu, which soon afterward became the seat of government.

A group of about twenty persons, which included half a dozen missionaries, was organized to go with him, and in 1820 the party engaged the little brig *Thaddeus*, forming a church before they started.

After laboring for twenty years, in which time he wielded great influence with the native chiefs, the Rev. Mr. Bingham returned to this country for the purpose of educating his son to follow in his footsteps. The son married Clarissa Brewster, a school teacher, who was descended from Elder Brewster of the Mayflower, and soon afterward sailed with his wife from Boston to begin work in the Gilbert Islands.

The two sailed on the mission ship *Morning Star*, which was built by the patriots contributed by Congregational Sunday school children. The Gilbert Islands, lying near the equator, seldom have a temperature less than 70 degrees, but the Bingham family lived there, 24 by 16 feet, and called it Happy Home. Their daily food was coconuts, fish and pandanus fruit, except for a short time once a year when the *Morning Star* brought fresh supplies.

Dr. Bingham found the difficulties of missionary work stupendous, chiefly because the islanders had no written language. His eyesight was poor, but he set out actually to make a language, being obliged to collect his own vocabulary and construct his own grammar. He had great difficulty finding a Gilbertese to help him, but he succeeded in finding one who was a native of the islands.

He used much "practise incantations," which was the exact opposite of what the missionary intended to convey. The missionary had a New Testament three-quarters translated when in 1863 his health broke down and he was compelled to return to this country. He started back the next year, this time in the second *Morning Star*, which had been built with pennies as had the first. He was made captain of this ship and commanded her for nearly two years, sailing from one island to another as a supervising missionary of the stations which had sprung up rapidly. Dr. Bingham remained at his home in Honolulu for several years completing his New Testament in Gilbertese, and finally, in 1878, he returned to the Gilbertese settlement of Apia.

Ten years later Mrs. Bingham asked her husband to translate the Old Testament before he gave up his work in the islands. At that time he was 60 years old and the work involved making the translation direct from the Hebrew. His knowledge of that language had been obscured through his twenty-five years constant use of Gilbertese, Hawaiian and Greek, but he took his old Hebrew grammar from the shelf and buckled down to hard study. In two years he was ready to begin the translation. Immediately afterward he was ill for five months, but with the help of a native amanuensis he kept steadily at work.

One morning in the spring of 1893, after being absent from the United States for thirty years, Dr. Bingham and his wife stood with a small group of friends in the Bible House in New York, and the company adjourned to the pressroom, the presses commenced to revolve and the last page of the first Bible in Gilbertese was printed. A prayer of thanksgiving and the singing of the *Doxology* followed.

The Gilbertese dictionary was Dr. Bingham's latest effort. When it was first ready for publication he sent the manuscript to a man who returned it to him by a careless messenger and it was lost. He began the work again and it took him ten years to finish it, but it was completed just before his death. Dr. Bingham was once asked if the long periods of isolation from his countrymen were not the chief trial in his missionary career and he replied:

"The twenty-seven years between two of my three furthest was a pretty long stretch. But after all my greatest trial has been in seeing some of the native lads from the faith. Tropical character is apt to have slim foundation for ethics. People there will be."

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Harry T. Bosson of Reading, as his friends in Worcester say, whistled in church while attending divine worship in that city recently. When asked about it, Mr. Bosson said he was not actually whistling, but that he was merely humming a tune.

The minister said just before the contribution that any one who put in a cent or more into the contribution box was entitled and expected to whistle. He whistled in the way of the whistling came from all parts of the room and was not far from universal. He whistled in the way of the whistling came from all parts of the room and was not far from universal.

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## BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## The Subway to Hoyt Street Brings the Loeser Store Within 17 Minutes of Forty-second Street.

## In every detail the Leading Retail Establishment of Brooklyn.

## \$37.50 and \$40 French Jute Velour

## Portieres, \$24.75.

## THE UPHOLSTERY STORE has been doing astonishing things in value giving—and we are creditably informed that the greatest upholstery business in the greater city is centering here.

To-morrow another remarkable budget of values—headed with the best offering of French Velour Portieres we have ever known. They are double faced jute velour of the finest grade, entirely new and absolutely perfect. None of them has been in the country longer than three or four weeks.

A superb variety of patterns mostly in the desirable plain center designs. Red, green, olive, blue, rose and cream combinations.

White Nottingham Lace Curtains at \$4.95. \$11.50 and \$12.50 French Tapestry Couch Covers at \$5.95.

Lace Curtains at 25% to 50% Under Regular Prices.

White Nottingham Lace Curtains. Real Renaissance and Cluny Lace Curtains.

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